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you are not to imagine, than when exhorted to be religious you are called upon to

NEW-ENGLAND.

*Land of my birth, how sadly dear
Is every thought of thee,
When memory brings thy features near,
Thou hast the great and free;
Thou hast the good and true,
Thou hast the brave and bold,*

of true religion teaches gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that illi-

vation to call him forth his play, and bidding him a good night, took the weather and led him home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, and as highly gratified as if he had received an ample pay for the whole. A few nights afterwards, when he supposed his neigh-

yard. From that moment it is the shadow and not the man who creeps along the path of mortality. On the contrary, what satisfaction does the man of diligence pro-

Yours, &c. An O. B.

MAJOR LONGBOW.

How oft my spirit's torn
Above connecting storms of wo,
To thy congenial skies;
Thine dost not know the pangs that swell
This wounded, bleeding breast;
Whose tearful toils of joy the knell,

How oft in dreams of still sleep,
Do thy shores behold;
And wake in feelings sad and deep,
That cannot be controul'd.

Land of my birth, the minstrel's sun
Shine on thy land, and

A perfectly just and sound mind, (says friend Cecil,) is a rare and invaluable gift. But it is still much more unusual to see

—why the devil didn't you meet me at Brighton? Kept a seat for you in the gibbony, mounted George on the charger, and drove Gunpowder in harness. Never sat behind a beast that went better; drove ten thousand horses in my time, and never had

he obtained the money, and after tying it up nicely in the little bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately run home, girdling his money as if proud of having accomplished his errand—to the no small gratification of the owner.

SPRING.—Of all the seasons, Spring is the most delightful. Nature is at it were, then beginning to receive existence. The howling storms of the solstice, winter, and snow, and frost, and the

reward is sure.

And elude to kindred city.

BOSTON BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
THE ELYSIAN MOUNT.

No dark'ning clouds and fogs arise,
To mar the lustre of the skies:
Thou sun: he'er withdraws his light,
To hide his face in dismal night;
No chilling seasons here appear,

volumes the delightful noise distill,
 And all the air with incense fill.
 The shady woods and pleasant groves
 Are consecrated to the loves;
 Refreshing streams descending slow,
 Other parts of the watch, had a perpetual
 influence on its motions; and the watch
 went as well as possible with a new wheel.
 If the soundest mind be *magnetised* by any
 one of our red bulls, none of your little English
 breed—big as a rhinoceros, and strong as an ele-
 phant?—Away went the colonel,—"By," says I, "I
 will," says he, left me to face him, walked lei-
 surely to the hedge, five and twenty feet high,
 cut down by some passengers in time to save his
 life. The committee of police published an ordi-
 nance on the subject, directed to the fathers of
 families; but the sanguinary mania of the boys did
 not entirely abate till the fathers themselves re-
 sisted, and succeeded in rendering

By the encomiums you lavish on the virtues and attainments of the fair, and the pleasure with which you appear to dwell on the unalloyed bliss of a married life, a stranger might be induced to conclude that you were enraptured with the prospect, and desisted the liberty and ease with which our

[BY REQUEST.]
FAREWELL LINES
addressed to an eminent Minister from Indiana, late
on a visit of gospel labor in this City.

—“Ah, how delight!! who would exchange the lights and shadows, the cares and crosses, the fears and anxieties, for the *dull monotony* of a life of musty ease and vacant liberty. The squalling of the darling infants, at all times, but more particularly in the morning hours, when I sleep last of all, and a cat in a waterbub; going up in the balloon, Indian juggler, landing at Margate, and all that sort of concern. Pretended that I was afraid too! I, that never was afraid of any thing in my life; he knew that; nothing alarms me. Young lady set her head on a cushion, and said to me, ‘where I sleep last of all!’”

line the respect to strangers due,
Who journey in our land ;
But more, that here, thou must pass through,
A peopled land.

"But when the work is done,
 destined for thee: here on earth,
 Thither where our Saviour
 dwells in glory and in bliss,
 Thy God who dwells between thee,
 Still is Lord of Earth and Heaven.

ESTABLISHED 1847.
ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.
IMPRESS YOUR OWN NAME ON THE

the odious appearance of presumption
youth, than the affectation of treating
himself with a familiarity.

This image appears to be a scan of a dark, possibly black, surface. A vertical strip of light is visible along the left edge, suggesting the binding or edge of a page. The main area is dark and textured, with some faint, vertical lines and a small, light-colored mark near the top center.

